

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

JULY 11, 1936

NEXT WEEK

BROTHER LEO, one of the best known writers and lecturers of the West Coast, former President of St. Mary's College, appears as a contributor to **AMERICA**. He knows modern education so well that he is equipped to describe the **EDUCATIONAL ART OF PUZZLE MAKING**.

WELCOME HOME TO IRELAND starts with the present but ends with the past and the future. As Ireland once was the depository of faith and culture, so it may become the saviour of democracy. These are the impressions formed on a recent visit by **DANIEL A. LORD**.

THE UNHOLINESS OF UNCONTROL gives a bitter topic of the day a sweeter turn. It is an accurate statement by **FRANCIS P. LEBUFFE**.

WHAT ARE THE WORKERS' RIGHTS will be discussed in his usual solid and provocative manner by **PAUL L. BLAKELY**.

CHESTERTON'S death has left us too bewildered to write as yet any adequate summary of the man. But a charming personal memoir will suffice for the moment and **CHESTERTON'S LAST VISIT TO AMERICA** will record the remembrances of **CAMILLE MCCOLE**.

A PAGE OF POETRY, henceforth, whenever possible, will be our practice, instead of scattering poems among the prose articles.

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COMMENT

THE Sixth National Conference of the Laymen's Retreat Movement was held in Chicago on June 27 and 28. Delegates were present from all sections of the country, including thirty directors of retreat houses. Every phase of the movement, spiritual and practical, was discussed. The meetings, held at the Palmer House under the skilful direction of Daniel E. Morrissey, the National President, were models of their kind. The discussions were held in panel form, the personnel of the speakers' platform changing every hour. The number and variety of the papers read left the listeners refreshed as well as instructed. Along with the laymen, under whose control the convention was held, there were present Religious of all Orders and priests of all ranks, including several Bishops. The convention closed with a Holy Hour Service at the Cathedral with Cardinal Mundelein presiding. Then followed a banquet at which the speakers were His Excellency, the Most Rev. William D. O'Brien, D.D., Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago, Raphael C. McCarthy, S.J., of St. Louis, Joseph Scott, K.S.G., of Los Angeles, and Representative Clare Gerald Fenerty of Philadelphia. Particularly pleasing to AMERICA's representative at the convention was the special memorial tribute paid at the Sunday Mass to Father William I. Lonergan, S.J., formerly of this Staff, and one of the great apostles of the retreat movement in modern times.

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COMPLETE as a specific for pessimism in the field of Catholic social studies are the results shown at the recent silver jubilee of Catholic Canada's great achievement, the *Ecole Sociale Populaire*, of Montreal. Initiated in absence of earthly resources by the late Father Léonidas Hudon, S.J., former director of the Apostleship of Prayer in Canada, the School has developed into a "walking university," a magnificently organized system of adult education on the burning questions where Catholic doctrine touches the daily lives of the people. The publications alone of the E.S.P., numbering 215 pamphlets or booklets, would fill thirty octavo volumes of thirty pages each, were they all bound in one. Leading prelates of French-speaking Canada, diocesan and Religious clergy, and lay specialists: scholars, active workers, statesmen, labor leaders, have combined since March, 1933, in making the School the center of a mighty movement to promote the Catholic social idea and to combat the alarming menace of anti-social doctrines. The School's work comprises varied activities such as the normal school for lecturers at Vaudreuil, with its competent lecture bureau; the promotion of lay Retreats; a regular press service, particularly on Communism and Bolshevism; anti-Communist conferences and exhibits; fortnightly meetings for social studies; issu-

ance of monthly pamphlets; annual social conferences; organization of Catholic labor guilds; social study classes; collaboration with the leaders of Catholic Action; and extensive service of documentation and information. Congratulations to the indefatigable animator of this great enterprise, Father Joseph P. Archambault, S.J., and to his many distinguished collaborators!

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MORE than 2,000 advertising men and women from all over the country, members of the Advertising Federation of America, assembled last week in Boston. In their opening session they pledged themselves to continue the fight for truth in advertising inaugurated twenty-five years ago. This resolution shows that, whether they realize it as such or not, the Federation is alive to a definite moral issue connected with their business. They, like the movie producers, have learned that "the wages of sin is death" even in industry. Fraud and deception have undermined the public's faith in business methods. People have become wary and cynical. Much has been done to allay their suspicions but a long road must still be traveled. Too often a mess of pottage is still to be found at the end of the billboard rainbow that promises a pot of gold. One decided step in the direction of advertising integrity and public confidence will be reached when fewer extravagant promises are made. Surely every product in a certain line, be it beans or bungalows, cannot be the best it claims to be. It is amazing that an age which rejects miracles is promised one by nearly every advertisement. The Federation has a worthy goal. It is of social importance that it attain it. Peace of conscience for the advertisers and public confidence will be achieved when former fanciful dreams about products give way to sober facts.

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PECULIAR is the distinction which attaches to the treatment meted out to unfortunates who have fallen into the hands of the Nazi torturers, as for instance at Esterwegen concentration camp. There is a special intensity, method, and ingenuity shown in the effort made completely to degrade the victims and ruin whatever shreds of dignity, even under suffering, that might attach to the human personality. *Unmenschliches*, non-human as well as inhuman, is the only word that was found to describe such experiences as those of one of the late Center leaders, and of Father Spieker, of Cologne, who was placed in confinement by the Nazis. On the Feast of Corpus Christi, the aforesaid leader was forced to roll in filth down the streets of the camp, singing hymns to the Blessed Sacrament—which, however, he refused to do. As a punishment he was bidden to eat human excrement. Some of

the courtesies extended to Father Spieker were that he should say the Rosary and perform ceremonies of the Mass, in mockery of the same; perform Christian burial services over the body of a deceased Jew. When he refused this latter, he was himself thrown after the corpse into the grave and pulled out of it after being half-buried. He was forced to build churches and church utensils out of human excrement. Prisoners were repeatedly roused from their scant sleep at night, forced to roll alternately in filth and icy water. Other modes of brutal treatment were too vile for mention. No country, not even our own land of the free, can be absolved from prison brutalities. But out of Soviet Russia and Hitler Germany, it is difficult to find such refinement of "non-human" experience, combined with close governmental responsibility and the example of luxury and ease in high quarters.

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THERE was a popular belief many centuries ago that since only three languages—Hebrew, Greek, and Latin—were inscribed over the head of Christ on the cross, to use any other language for the Mass would be sacrilegious. Back in the year 866, Saint Cyril and his brother smiled and snapped their fingers at the superstition—and thereby got into difficulties. Cyril and Methodius were Byzantine priests. Leaving their monastery on the Bosphorus, they set out on a missionary journey to the Moravian pagans, and there they not only preached the word of God in the language of the people but boldly translated their own Greek Mass and sacramental ritual into the vernacular. Last Tuesday the Church celebrated the feast day of these two brother saints. So enormous was their success as missionaries that they are now called the Apostles of the Slavs. But, as was mentioned above, their language innovations got them summoned to Rome and put on the carpet before the Pope. John VIII, however, entirely sanctioned their use of the vernacular, very sensibly noting for the sake of the critics that a man could praise God not only in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin but in any other tongues as well. Today, 1,100 years later, the Mass celebrated in Old Slav is the only Mass known to about 115,000,000 people, most of whom, of course, are Orthodox, the rest Catholic. Greek, the original tongue of the Byzantine rite, is actually used as a church language by a small number of people, and at present the Slavonic stands next to Latin in importance. Here in the United States one may go into any one of our 300 Catholic Ukrainian or Carpatho-Russian churches and hear the liturgy in the language of Saints Cyril and Methodius.

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ON the Feast of Corpus Christi, Thursday, June 11, G. K. Chesterton received the last Sacraments from the hands of the parish priest of Beaconsfield, Msgr. C. W. Smith. He was conscious at the time and heard the prayers for the dying. On the following Sunday he passed away in the morning very peacefully. He was buried in his home parish at Beaconsfield on Wednesday, June 17. Archbishop

Hinsley gave the absolution at the funeral Mass, and Bishop Youens of Nottingham officiated at the graveside. On Saturday, June 17, a solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated for him at Westminster Cathedral. Archbishop Hinsley presided and gave the absolution, and Father Ronald Knox preached the panegyric. In the procession at the funeral at Beaconsfield were Vincent McNabb, O.P., who was with Mr. Chesterton a few days before he died, and Hilaire Belloc, his bosom friend. The Rev. John O'Connor of St. Cuthbert's, Bradford, the original of Chesterton's "Father Brown," and the priest who was most intimate with him among the clergy and who received him into the Church in 1922, was ill at the time of his great friend's death and was not told of it. Father Brown's housekeeper said: "I don't think it wise to tell him yet of his friend's death." The last of the Father Brown books was dedicated as follows: "To Father John O'Connor, of St. Cuthbert's, whose Truth is stranger than Fiction: with a gratitude greater than the world."

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SOME of the tributes paid to Chesterton after his death are of interest. Hilaire Belloc: "It was a benediction to have known him." Ramsay MacDonald: "His genial and penetrating humor was a delight." H. G. Wells: "He was a great friend. I attach high importance to his work." Vincent McNabb, O.P.: "England has sustained one of its greatest losses during the last 300 years in the death of Mr. Chesterton." Archbishop Hinsley: "He will be missed sadly in days like these when men of the mold of St. Thomas More are rare." *The Osservatore Romano*: "The death of G. K. Chesterton is a grave loss to English literature, to the literature of the world, and to Catholic literature." *La Croix*: "While other writers, such as Wells and Kipling, wrote of the purely intellectual conception of the superman, Chesterton considered the average man to be the only possible man, and he looked for salvation as much in the works of the past as in the future." *Daily Express*: "How he laughed! There has been no such laughter in England since Shakespeare and Dickens." W. R. Titterton in the *Universe*: "To those who value verse he was known as a great poet. He put all of himself into his poetry: the fun, the frolic, the colored pictures, the romping rhythm, the humor and sarcasm, the fighting philosophy, the simplicity and the Catholic flame." But W. R. Benét in the *Saturday Review of Literature* (U.S.A.) remarks: "We mean to emphasize the fact that Chesterton was not a great poet; he was entirely too great a propagandist."

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AMERICA, as promised last week, is printed this week in Regal 10 point on 11 point slug, and 8 point on 9 point slug. It is noteworthy that AMERICA is the first national periodical printed in the East to adopt Regal as the body type-face. This is the most modern type-face and was devised by the Inter-type Corporation for its legibility, to permit easy and rapid reading. We would welcome affirmation or denial from our readers.

MEXICO THIS SUMMER

Facts are truer than tourists' impressions

JAIME CASTIELLO, S.J.

THIS summer many Americans will visit Mexico. Some will go there by air and swoop down suddenly into the immense lovely valley of Mexico City, to find themselves in a big capital, full of modern charm and ancient dignity. Those who travel by train or by motor along the new Laredo highway will gather many picturesque impressions as they roll across the plains and mountainous slopes toward the capital.

Once in Mexico, they will all go the ordinary rounds. They will visit the old imperial castle of Chapultepec, the floating gardens of Xochimilco, Guadalupe and its prayer-battered shrine. Maybe they will get as far as Puebla and admire the somber beauty of the old colonial city. Naturally, they will acquire the classical Mexican curios. Zarapes make excellent bed-rugs. Guaraches are the coolest and daintiest of slippers. Opals look very well as cuff-links and Mexican pottery has a charm of its own, keeps water deliciously cool, and gives it a peculiar and very agreeable earthen flavor. Need I warn our tourists that some of these classical Mexican curios are not made in Mexico but in U.S.A.? They will have to keep a sharp look-out if they want the real articles.

Back in their own home towns some of these tourists will lecture on Mexico, and a few will venture so far as to write articles formulating new policies toward the country they have just visited. People, of course, have a perfect right to their impressions, and if they are intelligent observers these impressions may be worth hearing. If they want us to take their statements of policy seriously, however, they should bring back abundant facts and not mere impressions. Further, these facts should be adequately verified and comprehensive enough to guarantee that their policies are based on a complete survey of the entire situation. Like certain classical Mexican curios, one hears statements of policy toward that country which are not made in Mexico but in U.S.A.

For example, it has been lately claimed by Ralph Adams Cram (*The Commonweal*, May 22) that the Cárdenas administration is well disposed toward the Church in Mexico and he advocates a policy of "tongues off." Mr. Cram spent a short time in Mexico and did a little traveling in some of the main

cities. Mr. Cram's impressions are interesting enough. But we sincerely hope that this summer tourists from this country will bring us back the facts. That is, if they intend to propose a new policy toward Mexico.

Travelers will notice that the Cardenas government has given back a few churches to the Catholics, mainly in regions which are frequented by American tourists. None have been given back in Vera Cruz, Tabasco, or Querétaro. Anyhow, let us rejoice that these few churches have been given back. That is a fact. But there are other facts to be taken into consideration.

The teaching of Communism, atheism, and the imparting of a very unsavory sort of sexual instruction is still obligatory in the Mexican schools. This summer Americans who are shrewd enough to get behind the scenes will be able to see for themselves that in the schools of Mexico City the following hymn is being taught and chanted by the children:

Revolutionary children,
be not too impatient,
now at last you are free to break
the chains of religion.
Do not go to the horrible temple,
don't adore the idol.
The plucky boy
does not bend his head.
Destroy all those images
born of sad fanaticism.
Light up a bonfire
and burn in it the perverted priest.
If an impudent dogma would make you believe
that there is a God,
shriek out with the voice of your conscience:
my only god is work.

I would advise American tourists interested in education to learn something about the official textbooks. I would call attention especially to the textbook entitled *Sexual Instruction in the Mexican Schools*, by Dr. John L. Soto and Prof. Pérez y Soto, Inspector of Schools in the Federal District. This work is edited by the Patria Publishing Company whose connections with the Mexican Ministry of Education are well known. This summer the book may be out of print; let me put down some of the chapter headings. In the first chapter the importance and difficulties of sexual instruction are stressed. In the second the following subjects are treated: Mysticism and Sex, Neurasthenia, Hyster-

ics, Sexual Neurasthenia, Prophylaxy of Sexual Psychopathic States. In the third the following themes are developed: Sexual Characters, Concept and Classification of Intersexuality, Hermaphroditism, Virilism, Feminism, Physiological Intersexuality, Homosexuality, Psychic Intersexuality, Prophylaxy of Homosexuality and Psychic Intersexuality. The fourth and fifth chapters deal mostly with venereal diseases. Such are the topics in which the boys and girls are instructed in the public schools of Mexico.

Those interested in visual methods of teaching might investigate the school posters vigorously propagated by the Cárdenas administration. Abundant stars and sickles, priests and capitalists being strung up, apocalyptic apotheoses of Marx, Lenin, and other Communist worthies are their principal themes.

Mr. Cram does not seem to be aware of it. But this summer Americans who care to do so will find out for themselves that it was the Cárdenas administration which passed and is enforcing the Law of Nationalization of Property. According to this law any private house where religion is taught, or which is used for any religious purpose whatever, automatically becomes state property. No proof is needed that religion is being taught in the house. It is enough that there should be a presumption. A very prominent Mexican lawyer stated a short time ago that since the passing of the law, and in Mexico City alone, some 2,000 private houses have been denounced. This summer Americans who care to look into the matter will find out what an admirable opportunity for racketeering and blackmail this law is providing.

Among the first victims were the Archbishops of Puebla and Morelia. The Archbishop of Puebla had to live somewhere, so he lived with his sister. His sister's house was declared state property. The Archbishop of Morelia had also to live somewhere. So he lived in his own house. The house was declared to be state property and confiscated. Now he still lives in his own house but he has to pay rent to the government. These are facts that might be multiplied.

Should tourists this summer care to look up past numbers of the *Official Government Gazette*, they will find a good many significant facts. Let them turn back to the April numbers, which they will find in the public library. They will read there that in the course of that month forty Church properties were confiscated and given over to local authorities. The Church lost all her property in 1856. During the Diaz administration it again acquired enough property to keep it going. A good deal of it was confiscated during the revolution of 1914. The Cárdenas administration is now taking care of the rest. The *Official Government Gazette* informs us that on April 1 of the present year the parish church of Zacapoaxtla in the State of Puebla was turned over to the Mayor of the village to serve as a post office.

On the 6th the church of St. Catherine of Siena in Puebla was given over to the town council to be made into an Art Academy.

On the 7th the College of St. Agnes in Cuernavaca was turned into an agrarian club. On the same day the church of St. Mary of Grace in Guadalajara was transformed into a club for the use of teachers.

On the 9th the church of the village of Etucuario in Michoacán became a cultural center.

On the 11th the church of the Josephine Sisters in Patzcuaro was handed over to the town council and was made into a Communist school.

On the 15th the Beaterio convent of Guadalajara was turned into a military hospital.

On the 16th the parish priest's house in the town of Huemantla became the local office of the Forestry Department.

On the 20th the house of the parish priest of San Luis de Acatlán was transformed into a post office. On that same date the Salesian College of Tacuba, Mexico City, was turned into some sort of military school.

On the 22nd the courtyard of the church of San Juan del Río was made into a health center and the church of the Third Order of St. Francis in Xochimilco was closed.

On the 28th the college which the Jesuits had founded for the Indians in the Tarmaura Mission was handed over to the local authorities to serve as a Communist school.

On the 30th the property of the church of St. Anthony was turned into a slaughter house.

It would be tedious to go on enumerating. Visitors to Mexico this summer will have ample opportunity not only to verify these facts but to obtain many more.

We hope, then, that American visitors to Mexico during this summer will see many things that Mr. Cram missed. Only let them not adhere too persistently to the official government guides. They may be slightly biased. If they need a Baedeker let them take with them Father Parson's *Mexican Martyrdom*. And perhaps they will care to get in touch with those pariahs of Mexican life: the priests on whose shoulders falls the entire weight of the most terrible legal persecution. They should also try to interview some of the families whose homes have been confiscated because the catechism was taught within them.

Perhaps this summer, Americans will understand why Mexicans are not sure that Cardenas is well disposed and why they are not over-enthusiastic about a few churches which have been returned to them. The fact is that the souls of their children are being massacred. We are back in the times of the Aztecs. With this difference, however. Whereas the Aztecs butchered 20,000 prisoners in one year and then proceeded to devour their bodies, the Cardenas administration is doing its best to murder the souls of the young.

And on August 15 let no one miss a visit to the shrine of Guadalupe, the Lourdes of America. Tourists will see how the entire Mexican nation worships at the altar of Our Lady of America, and how they pray for that liberty which is the most cherished inheritance and the highest prerogative of the American people.

LAYMEN MAY READ THE BREVIARY

If matrons sang matins and chauffeurs chanted

GERARD DONNELLY, S.J.

A solid citizen in the West recently wrote a letter containing this somewhat embarrassing story of spiritual growth:

At the age of thirteen I was begging God to endow me with the bulging biceps of Prof. Anton Schmidt, the world's strongest man. During the romantic period a year or two later I was pressing the Creator for good looks. At seventeen I was making novenas for railroad fare to the Coast and immediate success in ousting Bill Farnum from his spot as champion chest-heaving film star.

I am ashamed to describe my prayers at twenty and afterwards. Novenas, devotions, morning and night prayers, Masses, even Communion—I aimed them all solely at wheedling some practical and visible favor from the Almighty. I see now that, man and boy, my entire religious life was a long, selfish, and beggarly whine to God.

A few years ago I discovered the liturgy. . . . I found a bracing magnanimity about the prayers of the Mass. They were concerned with God and His glory rather than with me and my butcher's bills. Their idea, I soon realized, was to give Him praise rather than to ask personal attention. . . . Today, as I read my missal of a Sunday, I feel a blessed sense of relief—from my own self-centeredness, from my earthy preoccupations, from my ancient habit of nagging the Creator about my own insignificant affairs.

Somehow or other, too, these prayers give me a sense of close union with all other Christians. As I pray with the Church in her official worship, I feel no longer an isolated individual, but part of a great and noble chorus which is speaking the glory of God.

Perhaps the paragraphs just quoted will help to explain a recent and astonishing bit of news. It appears that a number of Catholics are showing an interest in the breviary. Not only that, but they are even going to such lengths as to recite the breviary, or parts of it, every day.

Nor is the number of these extraordinary people limited to a few. For some years the European publishers have been selling thousands of copies of the breviary (translated into the vernacular tongues), and presumably the lay people who buy these books are using them. In England there is the flourishing

Magnificat Society. Here in the United States we have the new-born League of the Divine Office, whose members recite the prayer daily in English.

What has led so many people to this practice?

For one thing a widespread study of the liturgy—which has emphasized the fact that the constant appeal to God for temporal favors is not in itself the noblest kind of prayer.

Moreover, the new popular understanding of two doctrines—the Mystical Body and the High Priesthood of Christ—suggests that isolation from one's fellows and individualism even in piety is grade C Christianity and that prayer is best a social or communal act.

Our letter writer attributes his advance to both reasons. But his next paragraph shows he has still a few yards to gain. He continues:

Now listen. Why doesn't some eminent churchman write us a new kind of prayer book? I mean, for daily use outside of Mass. One in which the prayers get away from the I, Me, My theme. One which junks those here-pause-and-ask-for-the-favor-you-want parentheses. A book with the missal's beauty of language, if that isn't too large an order. But at all costs a book built on the missal's idea—that the first, the main, and noblest object of prayer is to praise God Almighty.

Well, a prayer book filling nearly all these specifications has been in use for a good many centuries. It is the breviary that our man is groping for.

The office is a Divinely inspired prayer. No eminent churchman, but God Himself, is its author. The psalms—which make up the breviary's bulk—set forth no pious ecclesiastic's notion of what man should say to God. They are God's idea of prayer.

Our correspondent (and hundreds of other Catholics thinking the same thoughts) should be told with emphasis that the breviary is not for priests alone. It is part of the liturgy. Hence it belongs to the layman as much as the Mass which it enshrines and echoes.

This present interest in the inspired prayer is a movement that should be blessed, advertised, and encouraged. When policemen chant prime, when nurses say nones, when veterinarians and cooks recite vespers and compline, ours will be a lovelier and a holier world.

POOR MATTERS POINT TO RICH ENDS

Ironie arguments in favor of a leisured class

THOMAS GAFFNEY TAAFFE

IN our American culture money is an end rather than a means. James Truslow Adams, in *The Epic of America*, emphasizes this point and discusses it at length, both in its causes and in its results. The acquisition of money, he points out, became, as we developed into a great nation, exalted to the level of a great moral virtue. He might have gone farther and said that in some eyes, if we may judge by the results, it has even become a theological virtue, to take the place that an older culture accorded to charity. Hence it follows that the possession of money is a guarantee of eminence in the moral as well as the social scale. Hence, too, the awe, the reverence with which money and its possessor are viewed by the average American.

Just as an Englishman dearly loves a lord, so an American dearly loves a millionaire. In the day of modest fortunes when the aphorism was coined, *millionaire* was a perfect symbol for great wealth. Great wealth connotes great power; so money, it has always been conceded, can do anything. For example, it has passed into an axiom of criminal law that it is impossible to convict a million dollars; like the King, it can do no wrong. It is above both criminal and civil law; as it is immune to one, so it is beyond the restraints of the other. From that position to the presumption of infallibility in everything is but a short step; so it behooves us lesser folk to harken, as to Sir Oracle, when a great financier tells us that a leisure class is a necessity; that if we do away with the leisure class we destroy civilization.

This thought should give us pause. It should sound a warning to agitators and put a salutary check on those who protest against special privilege. Quite apart from the weight of authority which gives the dictum its chief validity, it should be almost self-evident. Civilization is a costly business at best, and in a culture where the measure of cost is the measure of merit, where everything is reckoned in terms of money, obviously civilization is most costly. Private yachts are a constant drain and polo ponies an endless expense. The upkeep of a home in New York, another in Westchester County, a cottage at Miami, an apartment in London, and another in Paris runs into money. Ocean trips and cars and servants and entertainment all

call for outlay, and with civilization clamoring for preservation the call must be answered.

The country club, to take one of the more modest flowers of our twentieth-century civilization, is not for anybody who has to stop from time to time and count his change. The rolling beauty of the golf course, the upkeep of stables, the continuous cost of the bar, the regiment of liveried servants to give the civilized atmosphere, all are costly luxuries, and can be maintained only by large expenditures. The round of civilized diversions that gives town life its charm come high, too. Night clubs are not for the man with a slim purse. The ornate bars of expensive hotels with their cocktail-hour entertainment of song and story, the restaurants with their floor shows, all these lean heavily on those who have the money to pay for them and the leisure to enjoy them and the boredom that necessitates them. What would become of them without a leisure class?

What would become of such centers of civilization as Long Island, St. Moritz, Monte Carlo, Palm Beach, Reno, without a leisure class to carry on their traditions and maintain their prestige? They would be as Nineveh and Tyre. Who would follow Mediterranean cruises and world tours? Who would sustain the Beaux Arts Ball, the Opera Club, the Junior League, the Social Register? Without a leisure class they would languish and leave the world bereft of their civilizing influence. Art and sport would languish and every time-killing device that man's ingenuity has brought into being would cease to function. What would become of the international yacht races? Who would play polo or follow the elusive anise-seed bag over easy jumps on crisp mornings?

It is horrifying to contemplate, yet we must face the possibility. It has happened before and may happen again. Rome fell, and why? Historians tell us that it was because it rotted within and crumbled; but that is a generalization. To be specific, its leisure class brought itself to naught and its civilization went by the board at the hands of ruder and more prolific peoples. Perhaps that is just another way of saying the same thing, but at least it is specific. France lopped off the head of its leisure class and see what happened? The exquisite civilization built up through four generations of

refined debauchery gave way to a lustier and more bloody way of life.

For the reverse of the picture, look at ourselves and the crudities of our pioneer days before the exploitation of penniless immigrants in one section and chattel slaves in another brought a leisure class to our rescue. Then when God gave the coal mines into the hands of Mr. Baer and his associates, as he told us in a famous speech, and other natural resources into the hands of other trustees, see how our civilization blossomed, with its monkey dinners, its Harry Lehrs, its Ward McAllisters, and its countless other elegant vulgarities.

For the full flower we have only to skim through the pages of Evalyn Walsh McLean's modest life story. There are no reticences there, so we learn of a \$40,000 dinner to the Russian Ambassador; satin sheets, lace edged, at \$4,000 each, for her slumbers; three dollars to a poor woman, and \$135,000 for a diamond.

Such guileless confessions as those made by Evalyn Walsh McLean quicken our understanding of our dependence. They bring home the truth that a leisure class is necessary, if civilization is to survive. Only a leisure class can carry on the old world. But the rest of us need not, therefore, despair. We are free to look on and enjoy the spectacle. We can even feel that we have a vicarious share in the enterprise. They also serve who only stand and wait, and they also serve who bestir themselves, and by their efforts make a leisure class possible. Few people realize that behind every great figure in history, there are thousands, unknown and unsung, whose labors have made achievement possible.

It is equally true of the world of romance. To sport with Amaryllis in the shade is possible only because there are scores of workers to swink and sweat in the sun, and carry on the while the prosaic business of the world. Sir Gawayne was free to go forth to meet the Green Knight only because there were a hundred hinds who worked that he might have needments for his quest. Biron and Rosaline could bandy witticisms and play around in the rarefied atmosphere of fine words, but greasy Joan, meanwhile, was keeling the pot, not only in song, but in fact, and Costard, in the intervals of clowning among unfamiliar words, was with a regiment of other Costards, bending his back to the spade work. When young Warrington was cutting a wide swath in eighteenth-century London society, he was able to carry on because an army of slaves was laboring at home in Virginia to provide him with the means.

This is merely a statement of fact, not a complaint. Those who carry the burdens while their betters preserve civilization have no reason for resentment. Rather should they be elated, for theirs is a privilege denied to the leisure class; and the leisure class unselfishly leaves them to the enjoyment of the privilege. Theirs is the joy of sacrifice, the elation of surrender; theirs is the consciousness that their contribution, little in the individual gift, but great in the mass, has served the cause of civilization. For those who have little to give there

is healing and sustenance in the thought that the aggregate of many trifles is a sum beyond dreams. It is a truth that furnishes countless texts to philosophers and preachers; political economists recognize it as a basic principle in working out the problems of taxation. Ferdinand, in his endless round of petty menial tasks in the service of Miranda, could say that "most poor matters point to rich ends."

There is a great joy in sacrifice. The pioneer, breaking ground for future generations, the soldier laying down his life in the muck and filth of the battlefield, the martyr facing the wild beasts in the arena, are all sustained in their suffering by the thought that what they endure is endured for a great cause. Florence Nightingale in the Crimea; Amundsen going on an errand of mercy into the frozen wastes of the North never to return; Pasteur braving the sneers of a purblind faculty; Father Damien among the lepers; Saint Peter Claver among the Negro slaves; Saint Isaac Jogues among the savages—all knew the elation of labor and sacrifice, that good might follow.

Why, then, should it not console the coal miner or the steel worker, dragging himself from his long shift of work to his wretched home, and sinking into the dreamless sleep of the wearied, to know that the meagerness of his wage has made possible the bloated salary and the huge bonus of his master? It must make the small stockholder glad to feel that the dividend which he does not get has gone to serve the same good end. It must delight them both to know that their sacrifice has made it possible for some over-fed woman to preserve civilization on the sands at Palm Beach and in the rotogravure section of the Sunday newspaper. The man with no work must feel a thrill of joy as he watches his family stretch a four-dollar dole to cover a week's food, thinking that in his small way he is helping to preserve civilization at the winter sports at Lake Placid, or the dog races in Florida, or in the exotic atmosphere of Hialeah Park.

There are sour critics who shake their heads dubiously over this situation. To them it is a troubling thought that the undernourished children of this generation may grow up into rickety and tubercular adults of the next; but that, after all, is a small price to pay to salvage civilization. The law of compensation is inexorable. Every benefit must be bought and paid for, and somebody must bear the charge. And the chain of reasoning is inexorable. To preserve civilization we must have a leisure class; a leisure class is a luxury that costs money; and, if in the apportionment of that necessary money some people suffer hunger and cold, they can console themselves with the thought that they are suffering in the glorious cause of preserving our civilization.

It is a perfect arrangement. It makes for universal happiness. To the one is the joy of achievement, the consciousness that he is preserving, at whatever cost to somebody else, that civilization which makes life worth living in this world; to the other the joy of sacrifice, the feeling that he is holding up his neighbor's hands, doing his share toward making this world a better place for his betters.

AND SUDDEN SPIRITUAL DEATH

Massacre of souls in the pursuit of education

JOHN A. TOOMEY, S.J.

LAST year J. C. Furnas wrote an article entitled: "... and Sudden Death," in which he painted a harrowing picture of death on the American highway. Speeding cars had butchered 36,000 and injured a million people the year before.

Mr. Furnas spared none of the gory details. Mangled remains lying on slabs in the morgues; veritable massacres with cars piled high on the road; dark red, oozing surfaces where clothes and skin were flayed off at once; bodies with the bones crushed inward; women with splinters of wood driven deep into their brains; raw ends of bones protruding through flesh; bodies soaked with oil until they resembled burnt cigars; men and women with foreheads laid wide open; victims with the tops of their skulls down to the eyebrows completely gone; windshields slashing through veins, arteries, and muscles as a knife cuts beef; cars rolling down steep embankments, falling into rivers: these are but a few strokes of the full picture. A picture, Mr. Furnas pointed out, that is not scare fiction at all, but simply a small fragment, picked up at random by doctors and policemen, of the awful raw material behind the year's statistics. The automobile, he made clear, is treacherous; no one ever quite realizes what a deadly thing it may become. The article piled up horror upon horror in such a realistic manner that it literally froze the blood of the nation. It unveiled before the bulging eyes of autoists the grisly horror that hovers over the smooth roads.

The menace of the zipping cars is indeed a terrifying one. But it is as nothing compared to another peril in these United States. Physical death stalks the highways; but spiritual death, a far more terrible thing, stalks the classrooms. Catholics are losing their Faith in the American secular schools.

Whether there were 36,000 such deaths last year and a hundred thousand grave injuries cannot, of course, be ascertained. Even if accurate statistics were available they would doubtless have the same effect upon Catholic parents that accident data have upon autoists. Catholic parents very likely would not be jolted into a comprehension of the frightful risk they run when they sign up their offspring in non-Catholic schools. What is needed is some means of bringing home to them the fact that intro-

ducing Catholic children into secular seats of learning is flirtation with spiritual death just as spinning a car at eighty miles an hour through crowded traffic is a rendezvous with physical death.

That story you may have heard—the tale of a Catholic boy losing his Faith—that is no isolated instance. That sort of thing is happening ceaselessly all over the United States. You cannot read about it in the papers. There are no screaming headlines: "36,000 Catholic youth lost their Faith last year. 400,000 Catholic boys and girls weakened in their beliefs," but the deadly process is going on just the same, going on inexorably, all the time.

Their mangled souls do not lie on slabs in the morgue. Perhaps if Catholic parents could see that ghastly sight; could see the victims being brought in; brought in from the lower schools; brought in from the colleges and universities; laid in rows, long rows of young souls, dead to the heaven-born Faith that once pulsed through their beings; dead after breathing in the noxious gases of atheism and materialism poured forth in countless classrooms throughout the United States—perhaps that might give Catholic parents pause. It might. One can never tell.

What a sickening history clings to each one of those murdered young Catholic boys and girls. Their case histories would be attached to the slab. There is John J. Blank, twenty-three years old. Born a Catholic. Both parents Catholic. Went to parochial school, to a Catholic high school. Then his parents said: "He has a good foundation in the Faith now. We will send him to . . . University. The courses are better there; he will make finer social and business contacts than he could in a Catholic college."

Here is Marie Doe, twenty-four years old. Born a Catholic. Both parents Catholic. Went to public high school, then to the University of Lost her Faith in the second year.

Down the long line of slabs, each tag tells the same nauseating story. They were all good Catholics—those souls; they all lost the Divine gift of Faith. The day they left home for college, spiritual death leered at them, optimistically. Spiritual death walked into the classroom with them; sat beside them; never left them afterwards.

Their first reaction to the irreligious professors was one of horror. Blasphemies thundering in their ears sickened them. There was no God, silky-voiced instructors told them. You no longer believe in Santa Claus and pretty soon you will no longer believe in Christ, the voices innuendoed. Science is pushing back the boundaries of superstition. No educated man or woman today believes in all that piffle. After a while, you will perceive the folly of institutional religion.

Their textbooks, their reference readings, their whole environment shrieked out day and night, month by month, year by year: There is no God. There is no moral law. Marriage is immoral. Miracles are impossible. There is no purpose in life. The world is the result of blind forces. Through four long years a false, distorted picture was held up to their youthful gaze, and whatever would disturb that picture was omitted or explained away. They never got the Truth. Four long years.

Doubts leaped into their minds. Tiny doubts at first. Psychology threw out free will and the soul; sociology eulogized birth control, condemned marriage. Sin, salvation, heaven, hell, devil, God were suavely derided. Premarital purity was sneered at. The Ten Commandments—ha, ha—they were the *mores* of a nomad desert tribe of the long ago, unfitted for modern life.

The doubts commenced maturing. Burgeoning doubts that were never answered. The students did not know the answers. Each class spawning doubts, and siren voices whispering in their ears: Enjoy youth while you may. Doubts swarming in their minds, the hot blood of youth clamoring in their veins, and spiritual death grinning, edging up closer, and finally choking off the breath from their souls.

If one could only take a moving picture with sound effects of the process that is going on. The professors' voices rising up from all over the United States, pouring falsehood into young Catholic ears. If one could see the thing that is occurring in the souls of Catholic boys and girls, exposed by their parents to the poisonous breath of atheism. The film would show the little doubts appearing; show them growing; little termites gnawing at the Faith. It would picture the Faith beginning to totter, and then the roaring collapse of the Divine Gift, the most precious thing on earth. It would portray the destruction of noble ideals, of lofty aspirations, and the gradual conversion of those once Catholic boys and girls into a group of young hedonists. It would manifest the plunge into vicious habits and the hardening of those habits, the end of the love of God, the ruined, wasted lives; the remorse, the despair gathering thicker about them as they head toward Judgment Day. Young souls, drugged, drugged through four long years; doped, hopped with atheism.

This is not scare-fiction. It is sober fact. It is the sequel of the modern, widespread practice of sending Catholics to non-Catholic schools. Pope Pius XI in his Encyclical on Christian Education says:

It is as important to make no mistake in education as it is to make no mistake in the pursuit of

the last end, with which the whole work of education is intimately and necessarily connected . . . there can be no true education which is not wholly directed to man's last end . . . the so-called "neutral" or "lay" schools, from which religion is excluded is contrary to the fundamental principles of education. Such a school, moreover, cannot exist in practice; it is bound to become irreligious. . . . [To be a fit place for Catholic students] it is necessary that all the teaching and the whole organization of the school and its teachers, syllabus and textbooks, in every branch, be regulated by the Christian spirit, under the direction and maternal supervision of the Church; so that religion may be in very truth the foundation and crown of the youth's entire training; and this in every grade of school, not only the elementary, but the intermediate and the higher institutions of learning as well.

If boys and girls are to practise the Catholic Faith, they have to know it. To know it they have to learn it. To learn it they have to be taught it. Education which leaves out God leaves out education.

Anything can happen in the atheistic classrooms, even those lucky escapes you hear about. Boys and girls have gone through four years of anti-God lectures and come forth with only superficial scratches. But spiritual death was there just the same, and for those who come through with their Faith still intact, there are the spiritual corpses which clutter the platform on graduation morn. In one of the most celebrated universities in this country, ten Catholic boys began in the same freshman class. Four years later, seven of those Catholic boys had lost their Faith. Seven corpses received diplomas on commencement day. Only three were still living. A new kind of "Bury the Dead" could be wrought out of those seven characters. And that is just one of the massacres, just one of the many enlivening our little, old United States.

The modern secular school is treacherous. It is a spiritual death trap. The deadliest thing about it is that it does not seem deadly at all. It is simonized and it glows and sparkles. One gazes with awe at the magnificent buildings. One reads of the learned faculties. Stepping on the campus, one can almost smell the prestige. The place is thick with prestige. The great reputation casts a sorcery over Catholic parents.

But the modern secular school is peddling error and blasting morals. Either it is peddling error or the Catholic Church is. One of them is wrong. Catholic parents, do you think the Catholic Church is wrong?

The non-Catholic schools, high and low, are deceiving youth and destroying youth, and anything doing that is deadly, no matter how marvelous its laboratories or how glamorous its prestige. If there is a God in heaven, the secular school is spiritual cyanide. Each year the corpses rise higher and higher, as the schools, the colleges, the universities dump Catholic boys and girls on the ever-mounting heap of souls, souls dead to the Faith of their Fathers.

WITH SCRIP AND STAFF

DEBATING BETTER CURRICULA IN CONNECTICUT

WHETHER they liked him or not, the multitudes from Yale University and the periphery flocked to hear Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago, when he lectured at Yale this April on the Storrs Foundation.

Dr. Hutchins indicted as a disorder the system of education which would restrict the principal aim of a university to the mere amassing of information. He objected to a "vast number of departments and professional schools"—all on an equal basis—"all anxious to give . . . the latest information about a tremendous variety of subjects, some important, some trivial, some indifferent." He found that we are "proud of this disorder," and that we resist attempts to correct it by calling them undemocratic and authoritarian.

Why this disorder? Because the modern university lacks what the medieval university enjoyed: a principal of unity, such as theology. He declared:

The medieval theologians had worked out an elaborate statement, in due proportion and emphasis, of the truths relating to man and God, man and man, man and nature. It was an orderly progression from truth to truth. . . . The medieval university was rationally ordered, and, for its time, it was practically ordered, too.

For theology in modern secular institutions he proposed substituting metaphysics. "Without theology or metaphysics a unified university cannot exist. Both are almost totally missing today. And with them has gone any intelligible basis for the study of man in his relations with other men." Degeneration overtakes morals, as well as natural science.

Dr. Hutchins would order things by reducing the departments of the university to three: the department of metaphysics or philosophy, into which he would fit literature and other purely cultural subjects; the department of social science; and that of natural science.

Dropping down from the heights of the university to the broad lowlands of the elementary school, I find that during the past season a group of 150 Sisters have been meeting in Waterbury, Hartford, New Haven, Bridgeport, and New London, to discuss curriculum construction through a plan offered by St. Joseph's College, Hartford. The main question they asked themselves was: what is the purpose of our Catholic elementary curriculum and how is it related to those major purposes which our Faith teaches us to be essential for our life? How, for instance, does the elementary Catholic curriculum correspond to the problems and principles laid down by Pope Pius XI in the Encyclical on Chris-

tian Education? What requirements for social teachings flow from the Encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI? Can the parish school, in accordance with the Pope's Encyclical on family and married life, aid in helping parents to an understanding of children's problems, and to a greater realization of the importance of home experience? Can school activities teach children a more universal charity toward people of other nationalities, races, or conditions of life?

What gave impulse to these studies was the growing sense that the mere absorption of information and amassing of credits for the same, is no substitute for true education, which must teach the child how to interpret the world and to find the relation of information to the purpose of our existence. That the Sisters' query is basically the same as that which flourishes in the mind of Dr. Hutchins may be inferred from the fact that the latter, so I am informed, sends his own children to the Catholic parish school so that they may learn from the outset a sound philosophy of life.

Speaking of our Catholic schools, the Right Rev. Msgr. John M. Wolfe, of Dubuque, says that "it is their ambition to put these purposes, motives, and ideals, as pervasive and controlling forces, into the lives of their 2,300,000 pupils in the elementary grades, 500,000 in the secondary grades, and 109,000 in institutions of collegiate and university levels." But to make the curriculum completely express these purposes will take an immense amount of discussion over years of time among Catholic elementary educators, of the type that the St. Joseph's College group has been experiencing. It is particularly difficult because among Catholics in this country there is not as yet that unity as to social objectives that our Holy Father desires, and it will take much adult as well as school education to achieve it. When the elders differ, it is not so easy to discover what should be taught in the schools.

What Dr. Hutchins proposes is nothing new for Catholic educators. He is simply expressing in striking fashion, in unexpected quarters, what Catholic educators in general, and AMERICA in particular, have been enunciating for the last quarter century. On the other hand, whatever there be of over-emphasis on research in today's secular schools, among Catholics it is still direly underemphasized, and we need to press on bravely in developing method and respect for scientific investigation, whether in the natural or in the social sciences. The death of Father Julius Nieuwland, C.S.C., ace researcher, left a gap that is not easily filled. While we rejoice over Dr. Hutchins as a returning prodigal, let our joy not turn us from the immediate task.

THE PILGRIM.

THE NOBLE STEEL MEN

WITH deep emotion we read the declaration issued by the American Iron and Steel Institute last month, when John L. Lewis began his campaign to organize his unions in the steel mills. "The steel industry will use its resources to the best of its ability," ran the declaration, "to protect its employees and their families from intimidation, and to aid them in maintaining collective bargaining, free from interference from any source." It seemed to us that we had here a declaration as notable as the Declaration which we celebrated, or did not, last week. For the Institute speaks in the name of such old friends of organized labor as the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, the United States Steel Corporation, Jones and Laughlin, and Eugene G. Grace.

Mr. Lewis must have shared our emotion, since the declaration coincides in every point with his own, emitted only a few days earlier. Mr. Lewis, too, is prepared to use all his resources, notably the \$500,000 voted him by a group of unions, to protect the employees in the steel mills from intimidation, and to aid them in maintaining the principle and practice of collective bargaining. It will thus be seen that the employees are doubly protected: first, the mills will protect them against Mr. Lewis, and then Mr. Lewis will protect them against the mills. What will happen to the principle and practice of collective bargaining remains to be seen, especially since, as is commonly reported, the American Federation of Labor is meditating a flank attack upon Mr. Lewis.

Probably we have a suspicious nature, but the Steel Institute's protestation of devotion to the worker seems to us somewhat belated and somewhat hollow. If the workers in the mills are devoted heart and soul to the form of organization now permitted them by the owners, as the Institute claims, Mr. Lewis will not get very far with his plan of introducing a new union. If they are not so devoted, Mr. Lewis should have his chance to explain in what respects his plan is better, and the employees should have full liberty to adopt it, provided, of course, that it infringes upon no right of the owners or of the public.

In an announcement on July 2, the Institute declared that at least ninety-two per cent of all employees in the steel industry favor the present company union. We record the statement, but see no reason why it should not be tested by Mr. Lewis and by the public. Corporations can err.

It seems to us that the steel industry will find it cheaper in the long run, and more beneficial to itself, to its employees, and to the general public, to meet Mr. Lewis in amicable conference than to pursue him with a battle axe. The industry is not so delicate and fragile that Mr. Lewis can overturn it with a cross word or a frown, and it is even possible that it has something to learn about unions and collective bargaining from this truculent miner. We hope that what threatens to become a bitter war, hurtful to all concerned in it, will end with Mr. Grace and Mr. Lewis putting their heads together to find a program on which both can agree.

EDITOR

HOW TO VOTE

AS is well known, the clergy of the Catholic Church, and all Catholic journals, are active in partisan politics. Hence if you ask us: "For whom ought I to vote?" we have an answer which has served us so well through six campaigns that we offer it for the seventh. Here it is: you have an intelligence and you have a conscience. Use both. What party will give the country the best administration? Set your intellect to work, scour your conscience until it gleams, and then sit down to consider the question. When you have found the answer, go to the polls, an instructed and conscientious citizen.

WHEN CONGRESS

ONCE more are we told that the Federal Government spends money to care for the proper raising of pigs, and are invited to conclude that it should spend at least an equal amount for the education of the child. The acute observer might question the right of Congress to appropriate in the first instance, but if he is wise will not urge this objection. Congress has appropriated for so many projects either unknown to the Constitution, or at variance with it, that in practice its power to appropriate is without limits.

But conceding that the grant for pigs rests upon the new solid ground of Congressional procedure, one may hint at certain differences between pigs and children which hinder the argument from proceeding to an invincible conclusion. It has not yet been shown, for instance, that your pig is open to the influence of views propagated by politicians at Washington. He takes what is given, and begs for more, but his life is rounded and conditioned by provender alone. Nor has any pig yet been made a tool in the business of government. Unlike some politicians, content in his environment, he abides in it.

But the child can be influenced by government-made and government-imposed opinions. He can be made over into a cog to serve in the machinery of government. Because the child is shaped and formed by the school, a government monopoly in education is incompatible with free government, with good government. That is why the dictator, immediately after trying to destroy the Catholic Church, always seizes upon

TAKING A WALK

SNAP follows snip, and "taking a walk" follows the Smiths. Senator Smith, of South Carolina, took his walk last month, when with new audacity, a Negro clergyman began to pray for the Democrats in convention at Philadelphia. He disapproves of Negro clergymen who pray for white folk in public. He also disapproves of Federal anti-lynching laws, and of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, as far as these apply to the Negro—which, at present, is not very far. As a Southerner by profession, Senator Smith works hard at his trade. But we wish he were a Southerner at heart, contained and chivalrous, like Lee and Jackson.

S WNS OUR SCHOOLS

the schools. For proof, if proof be needed, we can turn to Mexico, Germany, Spain, Russia.

The National Education Association, which at its Portland convention last month endorsed the Harrison-Fletcher school-subsidy bill, has announced at various times its abhorrence of Federal control of the local schools. This is like presenting a machine gun to a professional killer along with a tract against murder. The Harrison-Fletcher bill authorizes an annual appropriation of \$300,000,000 to be distributed among the States for school purposes. But Congress can and Congress must dictate the manner in which this money is to be used, and the subsidy will be withheld unless the dictation of Congress is accepted. It is idle to deny that Congress will ever avail itself of this power, since Congress proposes to use it in the very bill under discussion.

The plain truth is that whatever the Federal Government subsidizes the Federal Government sooner or later controls. In no field is centralization of power at Washington so dangerous as in the schools. Teachers who believe that the schools in the States will prosper under the rule of a political majority in Congress will support the Harrison-Fletcher bill, but we believe that teachers of this mind are not numerous. If control of the local schools is to remain in the local communities, this bill must be defeated.

The defeat of the Smith-Towner plan of 1918 shows that no direct attack upon local school autonomy can succeed. Hence we now have the Harrison-Fletcher and other schemes. This new campaign must be defeated.

BAIT FOR BALLOTS

PLATFORMS are but bait for ballots, and should not be taken too seriously. But it seems certain, whatever the various platforms may contain, that the vast majority of Americans will continue to vote for the Democratic or for the Republican presidential electors. Men and women who, since they believe that both these parties are allied, openly or covertly, with the purveyors of the privilege to prey upon the poor, have conscientious scruples against supporting either, will find a congenial home in the Union party, and satisfying solace in the pledges of Messrs. Lemke and O'Brien.

It may be assumed, in the absence of evidence which goes to the contrary, that the leaders of the parties mentioned are honest in their convictions, and that any of them would do his best as President to administer the laws for the welfare of all. Naturally, however, opinions vary as to the value of the principles which the respective leaders have adopted. That is why we have parties in this country, and shall continue to have them, we hope, for a long time to come. But by "parties" we do not mean selfish factions. Men can honestly differ in their interpretation of the Constitution, and men whose patriotism is beyond question can reason that a policy proposed by equally patriotic opponents, harms the country's interests. Since neither can claim a monopoly in patriotism or in intelligence, it is well that each group should present its claims through an organized party.

In general, the platform presented by the Democratic party is an affirmation not of the platform of 1932, but of the policies of President Roosevelt since his inauguration. The Republican platform does not condemn the aims of the Administration in any important social or industrial problem, but, rather, adopts them. It differs from the Democratic document chiefly in the selection of means to make these aims a reality. Both parties believe that all necessary reforms can be effected under the Constitution as it now is, but the Democrats add that should this be found impossible "a clarifying amendment," stating the extent of Federal and State authority, should be sought. On this point, the Republican platform is silent, although Governor Landon's telegram to the convention on the possible need of an amendment may be assumed to present the Republican view.

The Democratic platform contains an approval of the Administration's policy on old-age and social-security insurance. The Republicans offer an adaptation of this policy. Both platforms condemn the monopoly, and both pledge an extension of the civil-service system. As to the consumer, the Democrats promise to act "to secure fair value and a decreased spread between prices paid and received by the consumer," and the Republicans demand the overthrow of "all New Deal policies that raise production costs, increase cost of living, and restrict buying." Both parties recognize unemployment as a national problem, and agree that it should be attacked by cooperation between the Federal Government and the States.

On the vitally important matter of finance, both parties assert that the budget must be balanced. The Republicans promise to effect this by cutting certain unnamed expenditures "drastically," and the Democrats pledge a balanced budget "at the earliest possible moment." Republicans and Democrats alike speak in cautious terms on the money question, but both condemn inflation.

With regard to agriculture, both parties are willing to draw on the Treasury for subsidies. The Republicans propose "removal of restriction upon productions," and higher tariffs on farm products, while the Democrats favor just as much production as domestic and foreign markets will absorb, and a tariff which is an "adequate protection" against "unfair competition." As to foreign policy, it may be noted that the Democrats say nothing about war debts or the World Court, while the Republicans oppose membership of the United States in the World Court and the League of Nations, while pledging themselves "to promote peace."

Undoubtedly the position of each party will be made clearer as the campaign progresses. Although the Republican platform is obviously the result of a number of compromises, the Democrats, too, had their domestic critics to appease. The battle is now on, and it is the duty of every American to prepare himself for voting next November by a careful study of the issues. We are not Democrats or Republicans, but first of all Americans.

POOR WHITES

AT no time has this Review been insensible to the cruel disabilities under which the Negro labors in this country. For this very reason it seems to us that Negro leaders may fail to strike the right note when they claim their rights, or protest against injustice, if their claim is made merely upon the basis of color. In view of counter-claims made upon purely racial grounds, we can understand the provocation to return in kind; but from such procedure we must dissent.

The Negro can ask no rights in this country to which the poorest white man is not equally entitled. His rights are not based upon his color, but upon the fact that he is a human being, and it would be folly to urge a claim on any other foundation. It may be conceded that the Negro should be dealt with in a spirit of liberal charity rather than in the spirit of strict justice, not because he is a Negro, but because we must make up to him for what he has suffered for ages as a victim of injustice. If the race is to have a program, it should not be a restricted thing, but large enough to vindicate for all the rights which it asserts for itself.

It seems to us that Dr. Will W. Alexander caught this spirit admirably, when as director of the Commission of Interracial Cooperation, he appeared recently before the Institute of Regional Development at Chapel Hill, S. C. Telling his white hearers to "forget" worries from race relations, he said: "The really pressing problems involved in the business of living affect both Negroes and whites, and cannot be solved by one to the exclusion of the other."

Black and white, particularly, perhaps, in the rural regions of the South, must rise or fall together. As Booker Washington used to say, the white man cannot keep the black man in the ditch without staying there himself. Both should be encouraged to get out of the ditch.

As far as the problems of land tenure, so important in the rural South, are concerned, Dr. Alexander can show that the real trouble lies in absentee ownership which affects the whites more unpleasantly than it affects the Negro. While more than half the Negro tenants in the South are still croppers, more than a third of the whites are in the same hopeless poverty-stricken class; furthermore, Negro croppers are decreasing, but white croppers are increasing rapidly. What is now needed is not a policy to benefit the Negro exclusively, but a policy intended to benefit all alike.

We do not regret our tears for the poor blacks. They served a useful purpose. But it would be well to drop a tear now and then for the poor whites.

LOAVES AND FISHES

THE Master Who taught us that man does not live by bread alone, also taught us to pray to our Father in Heaven for our daily bread. There is no inconsistency in His teaching. God wishes us to value above all earthly treasures every word that comes from the mouth of His Divine Son, but it is not His ordaining will that His children should go hungry. For their souls, they need His word; for their bodies, loaves and fishes.

During these last years many have gone hungry. Some turning against God, complain that God has forgotten them. To relieve the hunger of the multitude in the desert, He fed about four thousand people with seven loaves and a few little fishes. But He has worked no miracle for them. They have hungered, and some have fainted away for want of the food which He could have given them.

It is time lost to rebuke a man when he is hungry, and his family is hungry, and not easy to disabuse him of his idea that God has forgotten him. But even in the face of all human woes, God's Providence remains a fact. Sometimes what He ordains for us, or permits to befall us, does not seem to us to be for our good, temporal and spiritual. But He is wise, and we are most ignorant. If He did not do all things perfectly, He would not be God.

These are thoughts for our quieter moments, when free from external cares, the mind can ponder them. If we can so realize them that they become part of our very being, our lives will be happier. Men who die at the stake, or under the sword of the tyrant, are not God's only martyrs. Those who witness to His loving Providence by patiently bearing whatever befalls them, can also claim the crown and the palm. Even during an economic depression God's Providence rules the world. To those who know not God, the lives of the poor may seem nothing but wretchedness. But God has not forgotten them. In one swift moment of dissolution, they shall pass into that land, where there is no want, but only perfect happiness in God's eternal love.

CHRONICLE

AFTERMATHS OF THE CONVENTION. Franklin D. Roosevelt accepted renomination for President by the Democratic party in Philadelphia on the evening of June 17. His acceptance speech defined the issue of the campaign as war on the "economic royalists." Vice-President John M. Garner, renominated by acclamation, on the same occasion pledged renewed support of the President. James A. Farley sent his resignation as Postmaster General to President Roosevelt. He will devote all his time to the latter's re-election campaign. Mr. Farley was challenged on June 30 by the Liberty League through its executive committee to prove the charges he made against it recently. The League, with Alfred E. Smith in prominence, sounded the formal keynote of its campaign plans as a "non-partisan" opposition to the President. It aimed at a defense of "our traditional constitutional form of government." On the same day Governor Lehman of New York, finally yielding to pressure from the President and Democratic leaders, announced his candidacy for re-election.

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THE DROUGHT. The dismal drought situation in the Northwest, Middle West, and South, affecting 150,000 or more families, became more acute. Although conditions were not desperate, within a limited area they were as serious as those of 1934. Federal and State officials took steps to bring immediate aid to the stricken. The Federal Government was also carrying on a permanent program which provided for storage of existing moisture and the prevention of wind-drifted silt.

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STEEL INDUSTRY'S DEFIANCE. The important steel companies through the American Iron and Steel Institute, which represents ninety-five per cent of the industry, announced that it would oppose to the fullest the attempt of groups headed by John L. Lewis to unionize its 500,000 employees. Labor leaders denounced this statement, seeing in it an attempt to protect company unions now installed in the industry.

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CANADIAN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES. The Bennett Parliament in Canada, which has enacted measures somewhat similar to the Roosevelt New Deal, for the amelioration of the economic depression, came into conflict with the Canadian Supreme Court, which declared the Unemployment Insurance act and the Natural Products Marketing act unconstitutional. On several other measures the Court was divided evenly, three and three. It was regarded as certain that Premier Mackenzie King's Government would ask the Judicial Committee of the House of

Lords in England—the Privy Council which is the highest court in the Empire—to say whether these laws are unconstitutional or not. Mr. King believed that the reform measures were an invasion in the rights of the Provinces. The Privy Council had frequently been called upon to interpret the Canadian Constitution. In some cases it had ruled in favor of the Dominion, in others for the Provinces.

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CUBA'S SECURITY PROGRAM. A bill was passed by the Senate of Cuba on June 29 establishing a commission to draw up legislation for the establishment of a widespread social security program. Within six months the commission is expected to present to Congress bills providing for the establishment of a national security fund guaranteeing to workers insurance against accidents, illness and disability, or death not connected with their work. The House of Representatives approved the 1936-1937 budget of \$73,166,971, which went into effect July 1. President Gomez was denied authorization to issue short-term treasury notes up to \$3,000,000 to cover current expenses.

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POPE GOES TO VILLA. On the last day of June the Holy Father left the Vatican for his villa at Castel Gandolfo, fifteen miles south of Rome in the Alban Hills. He was expected to remain there until October. The Pope's asthma, his age, the humid heat of Rome in summer, were the reasons advanced by his physicians persuading him to an earlier departure and longer vacation than usual. However, the Holy Father's schedule called for no real vacation. He would continue to interview the heads of the Congregations daily, see the many pilgrims to Rome, and keep in constant touch with the Vatican by means of the telephone and radio service.

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BRITAIN WATCHES AND LISTENS. All the political leaders in England were reported as being intensely interested in the coming Presidential elections in the United States and were carefully studying the party platforms to detect any willingness to reduce tariffs, play a more active part in keeping peace in Europe, and supply help to Great Britain in case war should come. Premier Baldwin was unwell and was expected to retire from public life in the Spring. Direct advertising and sponsored programs in British radio broadcasting were banned for the next ten years. Broadcasting in England is made possible by a license costing 10 shillings, paid annually by every owner of a radio receiving set. Mr. J. L. Garvin, editor of the *Observer*, suggested a lump-payment of War Debts and advocated a vast-scale purchase of arms in this country.

FRENCH IN DISTRESS. There was a tremendous uproar in the Chamber of Deputies last week when the Right and Left discussed the dissolution of the patriotic leagues. Right deputies charged that the Government's order was illegal and that furthermore it was the Left organizations that were threatening the country with revolution. Government officials openly charged that the Francistes had plotted to murder the Premier. The Left answered their opponents with booing, desk-banging, and violent countercharges. On a vote, the dissolution order was overwhelmingly upheld. Meanwhile the labor troubles continued. A lockout was declared in 750 Riviera hotels, and workers in five navy shipyards joined the strike and hoisted the red flag.

HITLER BACKS DANZIG NAZIS. The paper, *Deutsche Diplomatische Korrespondenz*, mouthpiece of the German Foreign Office, openly favored the move of Danzig Nazis for independence. Nazis in the Free City of Danzig had declared that League of Nations' supervision of their city was superfluous. The newspapers of the German Foreign Office, supporting this view, remarked that Danzig did not need a "governor or governess." Observers reported that Germany was making efforts to return the area of Danzig to Reich territory. A Czech accused of gathering German military information for the foreign press was sentenced to eight years imprisonment. Another Czech was given life imprisonment on spying charges. Another domestic loan of 700,000,000 marks was announced. Conversion of short-term Government paper into long-term obligations is the object of the new loan. About 600 nuns teaching in Bavarian schools were dismissed as part of the plan to exterminate religious teaching in schools.

SPANISH TROUBLES. With the sudden arrest of three military officers late last week rumors were revived that the Right was plotting a military coup against the Leftist Government. Thousands of handbills attacking Premier Casares Quiroga have been recently circulated by Fascists. There was no let-up, meanwhile, in the strike situation. In Madrid, 40,000 building workers were out and 20,000 garment workers. Barcelona shipping was paralyzed. Spain's difficult problem of local autonomy again came to the fore when Galicia voted for an independence similar to that enjoyed by Catalonia. It was believed that the same demands would soon be made in the Basque countries and Valencia.

SOVIET GOLD PRODUCTION GROWS. At a special meeting in Moscow June 27 of leaders of heavy industry, it was announced that gold production in the Soviet Union showed an increase of twenty-five per cent as compared with last year. Annual rate was \$600,000,000, based upon present gold value of the dollar. This would make Russia the leading gold-producing country of the world were it to continue. Explanations were offered purporting to re-

fute charges that the famous Stakhanov or efficiency movement in Russian industry was failing.

SOVIET PROMOTION OF FAMILIES. With the alleged object of promoting large families, laws were promulgated in Moscow June 28 taxing divorces, granting State aid to families with more than six children, and prohibiting operations for the preventing of childbirth. Abortion operations would be permitted only where childbirth threatens the life of the mother or there are serious transmissible diseases. The legislation was in accord with the current trend of Soviet policy to reverse stands on family and education formerly hailed as typically progressive. In the political field indignation was expressed over alleged threats to the Soviet Union recently expressed in Harbin, Manchuria, by the Japanese representative to the Interparliamentary Union conference in Budapest, July 4.

LEAGUE'S ASSEMBLY RECONVENES. The Assembly of the League of Nations convened June 26 at the request of Argentina to decide League policy toward sanctions and the Italian annexation of Ethiopia. Questions of policy appeared to center largely upon the attitude of the British Government, concerning whose aims there were the usual speculations. League reform was expected to be the first principal item on the program.

ETHIOPIAN EMPEROR PLEADS CAUSE. In intensely dramatic fashion the Negus, Haile Selassie, appeared on June 30 before the Assembly and pleaded his country's cause. He claimed his full title as supreme representative of a still-existing state as well as the right to appear before the League. Last-hour efforts to shunt aside the Emperor's appearance through technical or diplomatic maneuvers proved futile. Before he could speak, a bedlam broke loose from the Italian section of the press gallery, caused by demonstrating Fascisti journalists, who were promptly removed and arrested. Unperturbed, Haile Selassie delivered a bitter attack upon the Italians, alleging use of poison gas broadcast from planes upon civilians, and demanded justice for his country in the name of humanity and of the League Covenant. Considerable resentment was felt in Italy against the League for the Emperor's appearance, and there was talk of abandoning the League altogether.

JAPAN REJECTS NEW NAVAL PACT. The Japanese Government refused an invitation to adhere to the tri-Power London naval treaty, signed March 25 by the United States, Great Britain, and France. The reason given for the rejection was that the treaty was unacceptable since the other Powers had rejected Japan's demand for parity. Japan could not very well recede from the position taken at the naval conference in January when the Japanese delegates walked out.

CORRESPONDENCE

CHESTERTON

EDITOR: The word reached us here at Rome last night. I cannot tell you what a shock it gave us all. Surely you in America also miss *the* great figure of the twentieth century. Probably you feel as we do here that we have lost a mighty support, that there is a mighty gap against the sky not easily filled, that the greatest Apostle of modern days has left us here to carry on the great work without his support. For there is hardly a priest or seminarian who speaks the English tongue who has not felt that Chesterton was his friend, sometimes adviser, and always inspiration.

Père Charles, S.J., recently returned from an extensive trip throughout central and southern Africa, told us not long ago of priests lost in the bush of the dark continent, far from all they knew of civilization and yet filled with zest and critical keenness; and the reason seemed to be the precious volumes of Chesterton on their shabby shelves. A friend of mine who toured Europe a few years ago to forget two terrible shocks that nearly felled him, brought a volume of Chesterton with him and returned with renewed confidence and a trunk full of G. K. These are a few of the unknown hosts of people who have long looked to him for light and life.

But it is the Church and the Right and the clear Truth that suffer the greatest loss, and all who loved any or all of these three will pray according to their lights for peace and eternal light and the well-deserved crown for our late lamented happy warrior. God grant him eternal rest and a quenching of his thirst for all that is good in life!

Rome.

FRANCIS FURDON.

BELLOC

EDITOR: I have read five histories of England, but not until Hilaire Belloc's work recently fell into my hands did I learn many of the motives and some of the hidden facts that caused happenings of vital importance to that country and its people. So I was glad to get it, being mindful of what the Latin poet wrote of old: *Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas*.

Unfortunately Belloc's history was planned to fill seven volumes, and of these only four have been published. The publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons, inform me: "We are not able to give you any information as to when the work will be completed."

Is it possible that publication has been halted because not enough copies have been sold? If so, it is a pity. But even so, the work takes the record down to the close of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and as far as it goes it is a masterpiece.

Washington, D. C.

LOUIS REILLY.

AUTHOR

EDITOR: In your review of my book, *Democratic Despotism* (AMERICA, May 23), your reviewer meets my factual evidence that the New Deal is incompatible with American institutions by the mere assertion that "the underlying assumption of the work as a whole goes counter to fact." Such uncorroborated opinion does not furnish that appeal to reason which your paper usually seeks to make to its readers. Why not meet the issue on the record?

His interrogation: "... is it any wonder that the American people acquiesce in the 'unconstitutional' measures pursued by the present Administration?" is quite surprising in itself, and it seems shocking to me to find the sentiment it suggests published in your journal. If not facetious, it implies that the reviewer condones an acquiescence in unconstitutional activities. He needed not to quote the word *unconstitutional*, thereby attributing that characterization of these measures to me, as the Supreme Court of the United States, the final judge of such matters, has recently repeatedly condemned as such, and in unequivocal language, the key measures of the New Deal.

Must I remind your reviewer that the people in the full exercise of their sovereign rights are prescribed the only authentic and lawful method of amending the Constitution; and even to suggest that the "people" would condone a lawless destruction of our constitutional institutions by "acquiescence" challenges the very foundation principle of our democracy and endorses revolution.

Do I understand his argument correctly? Does he contend that the evils of "unconstitutional plutocracy"—if that means anything but a glib phrase dedicated to arouse class animosity, used because of his paucity of reason—should be corrected by "the democratic despotism of the New Deal"? If so, he simply offers an exchange of despotism for plutocracy. I condemn both.

Does he believe that our constitutional processes are inadequate to protect our American institutions from plutocracy and that, therefore, lawless action is necessary? Does he propose to abandon our constitutional law and resort to lawless methods to achieve his purpose? Can this be justified no matter how laudable his object?

His whole state of mind is betrayed by the phrase: "the unconstitutional plutocracy of the Liberty Leaguers." He may choose to call the Liberty Leaguers plutocrats or any other name which his good taste suggests, but when he adds the adjective "unconstitutional" he permits his animus to run riot with his reason. I challenge him to specify and prove one single instance of an unconstitutional act by Liberty Leaguers, acting as such.

Certainly the people are at least entitled to know the price, in terms of political freedom, of the supposed social and economic security that is being offered to them by the originators and champions of the New Deal. The political consequences of economic and social questions, regardless of their social and economic soundness, present an important subject which merits discussion. Why not meet this issue on the facts and especially tell us by what lawful and constitutional process these social and economic panaceas are to be consummated?

New York.

RAOUL E. DESVERNINE.

REVIEWER

EDITOR: Mr. Desvernine's criticism of my review is based on the mistaken assumption that I condone acquiescence in unconstitutional activities. The use of quotes on the word *unconstitutional* was, perhaps, unfortunate. I was merely unwilling to lump the whole of the Administration's program under that epithet, and was distinguishing between what is demonstrably outside the law, and what was well-intentioned, but mistaken legislation. I intended no stricture on the verdict of the Supreme Court, nor implied that the unconstitutionality existed only in the mind of the author.

My question expressed neither sympathy nor approval, but merely pointed out the obvious truth that a people failing to obtain social justice through a written constitution will follow the unwritten law of a dictator. The question simply implied that this is understandable. It abstracted from whether or not it is justifiable.

Hence, a faulty interpretation has led Mr. Desvernine to accuse me of advocating lawless destruction of our constitutional institutions. As a matter of fact, in my review I rejected both the Old and the New Deal and advocated a return to the constitutional methods as conceived by our Founding Fathers.

Mr. Desvernine further claims that I met his factual evidence with the mere assertion that the underlying assumption of the work as a whole goes counter to fact. Apparently he has confused his thesis, the incompatibility of the New Deal, with the supposition underlying that thesis, the compatibility of the Liberty League. An assumption is involved in his query as to whether or not I believe that our constitutional processes are inadequate to protect our American institutions from plutocracy, the assumption that the American government has remained truly representative of the people and has not by a gradual historical deterioration been distorted to advance special interests that have gained control of the constitutional processes of government.

It was in a similar sense that, in the light of Mr. Desvernine's description of the Constitution as originally conceived, I labeled as unconstitutional, Liberty Leaguers, many of whom have profited by the aforementioned corrosive process. In like manner, should the Supreme Court be packed with "Yes men," some New Deal measures would still merit the appellation unconstitutional.

Criticism of plutocracy which means rule by and for the wealthy, often meets with the accusation of arousing class conflict. Yet on reflection this singling out of one interest is not inconsistent with social solidarity. A just balance must be restored. This will not be brought about by the New Deal which would weigh the scale in favor of the Government at Washington. It could, perhaps, be attained by a return to original constitutional procedure but for obstruction by organizations whose false economic principles color their political ideals. Hinder the redress of social and economic wrongs by the negative tactics of the Liberty League, and revolution, justifiable or not, will be understandable, inevitable.

Woodstock, Md.

ALOYSIUS J. OWEN, S.J.

WHY NOT?

EDITOR: After reading the article in *AMERICA* by Father Toomey, I have been wondering why a request could not be sent to the leading newspapers, which gave such front-page publicity to the accusations against German priests, to kindly give this information the same attention. I did read in the *Times* part of this article by Father Toomey, but as most people read only the headlines and the first few paragraphs, headline publicity should be given to any information that will give the truth of these false reports. Under present conditions as far as headlines go our newspapers are lending themselves to help on the propaganda machine of Herr Goebbels.

Arlington, N. J.

M. M.

SYMBOLS

EDITOR: In her review of the *Christ-Life Series in Religion*, Mother Bolton stressed an extremely important point. We must not allow our children to rest in symbols and forget what is symbolized. I discovered some girls of one of my groups going to High Mass with no deeper perception of spiritual significance than if they were going to a manikin show or a Bach festival.

But Mother Bolton has said an extremely questionable thing. She insists that children first know what is symbolized and then get at and appreciate the symbol for it. This process would be so dry and difficult that it would be ineffective. Furthermore, it would destroy the whole purpose of the symbol. It is true that the liturgy has been evolved from an understanding of doctrine, but it has been evolved to help us to get at doctrine by an inverse order. The same is true of any artistic expression. To work from doctrine out to liturgy is to deny that there is a great need of the beauty and sign of the liturgy, and, according to the canons of art, should presuppose that we are all creative which, unfortunately, very few of us are.

To say of these books that "they would hardly produce an active, vigorous mental attitude toward doctrine" is unfair. The inspiration and guidance of a teacher is always necessary.

Cambridge, Mass.

BEATRICE HURLY

LITERATURE AND ARTS

CULT OF OBSCURITY IN MODERN VERSE

LEONARD FEENEY, S.J.

IN many modern poems, I have noted a great defect, the unpardonable defect which I may call pseudo-mystery. Now the making of any idea mysterious by mere artifice, even though it be poetic artifice, I think is a most hateful thing. Our minds are searching for light, not darkness. They take no pleasure in the cultivated obscurities of opaque versifiers. These poets, of course, see, or claim to see, no difference between their own cloudy imagism and the noble quality of true mystery resident in the great poems of the past. But there is a difference.

Before a poet writes his poem he is understood to have experienced what we call "an inspiration." Gifted with a sensitive nature and a susceptibility to intense emotional realizations of things, he sees with his inner eye a truth more profoundly and more intimately than the common run of men. The clarity of the truth he beholds gives him joy. It makes him want to reveal that joy to others. For joy is the one thing which the human spirit cannot contain alone. It must share it. And all art is a revelation.

This "vision" of the poet is a much brighter moment in his mind than it will ever be when he comes to put the object of his thought on paper. In his mind his idea is crystal clear. It will become obscure only when he tries to find symbols: words, phrases, sounds, pictures, that will express what he knows to others. It is not the *seeing* of beauty which is difficult to the poet. It is the *telling* to others of the beauty he has seen.

Keeping this fact in mind it will be evident that the poet's poem cannot escape being to some degree obscure. A poem is obscure, not in reference to what *we knew* about some truth before the poet began to speak; from that point of view the poem is rather the removal of an obscurity and the clarification of a beautiful idea hitherto not realized by us with any degree of intensity. But in reference to the vision which the poet himself saw his poem is bound to be obscure. He cannot talk about it except in symbols, and symbols, whether they be words, or sounds, or markings on a canvas, are of their very nature an obscure imitation of what they represent.

No poem has ever told the whole of what the poet saw with his inner eye. He has, in his art, been as faithful to his vision as he was able to be.

If even picking up a book or cleaning his nails or looking at caterpillars were to drive him into an emotional frenzy, his nervous system would hardly stand the strain for long. No wonder so many modern poets become psychic when their souls are constantly engaged in fighting off inspirations. Inspiration must be pretty cheap if everything is inspiring. And beauty cannot be very precious if it is found everywhere.

Let me quote four lines from an old and honorable poem known to all:

It was the schooner Hesperus
That sailed the stormy sea,
And the skipper had taken his little daughter
To keep him company.

There is patently not much obscurity in these four lines, and so far, a minimum of inspiration. Yet this minimum would be more than enough to supply many a modern poet with substance for a whole poem. I assure you it would. Give him a schooner and a skipper and a little daughter, and whether he sees a poem in them or not, he will turn them to a poetic purpose in no time. And how will he go about it? By saying the thing simply and honestly as Longfellow did? Not at all. It is *his mood* that matters. Inspiration is of minor importance. He will *inspire himself* by means of clever artifices, by means of tricks. Of course he will treat the subject in a poem much longer than four lines. Because a poet who can manufacture inspiration so easily would be foolish not to manufacture a lot of it at a time. Like De Lawd in *The Green Pastures* when he created "some moah firmament," he cries: "Let there be inspiration! And when I say inspiration, I mean inspiration." With a turn of the wrist he can transform the schooner Hesperus into something like this:

Sick of the sea,
Sick of the prow-beating, brow-beating waves;
This is my ultimate voyage, my last one, I swear it:
Hesperus, the last of the schooners,

Doomed, let us hope so,
On this last run
To destruction.
I am tired of being repaired,
Tired, tired of being caulked and repaired,
Painted and scraped
And scraped and painted again
By a crowd of mangy sailors, sweating and
ignorant.

Who says that ships cannot suffer?
The salty surfaces of the unnatural ocean
Butt you and blast you,
Storm-lash you, twist and torture you.
When a roller smites you, you list to the left
And the right
And in your belly there rattle
Those barrels of coal-tar, sticky molasses, and dead
bananas.

Soiled with commercial smells,
Caked and soiled with brine,
I am doomed to destruction.

But lo,
I shall carry down to the watery holes
Where blind fishes swim
A man and a child.
Their corpses shall be locked forever
In my ruined hatchways.
They shall taste my bitter doom
And know my loneliness.
Who says that ships cannot suffer?
Have you never heard my timbers aching and protesting
And my rigging moaning pitifully in the icy wind?
I am not a thing but a person.

A few years ago it looked as if there were going to be an over-supply of such drivel in the poetic world. But our natural critical intelligence got the best of it. There was no need of going into such poems and pointing out their obscure pretenses, their inaccuracies of thought and observation. People got tired of them and they stopped being written.

Gradually our modern poets began to make their deliberate obscurities less involved. They began to present us with pretty tid-bit verses like this:

The fog comes
on little cat feet.
It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.

For all that this is a pretty poem, we know at once there is something wrong with it. I say it is obscure, not because it is about a fog, but because the poet had no clear idea as to what he wanted to say about a fog when he began to write. A fog meant nothing to him visionally and so he had to create artificial resemblances between it and a little cat in order to make us believe that it had.

"The fog comes up on little cat feet," he says. Does it? I agree it comes up softly and silently, but its own softness and silence are all too evident to me without my needing to have them emphasized in terms of the softness and silence of something

else not a whit more soft or more silent. What good does it do to say of a ball that it is as round as an orange, or of a piece of coal that it is as black as a crow? Why put poems in the form of conundrums: "Why does a big fog remind you of a little cat?" Suppose I were to rewrite the poem emphasizing the resemblances between a little cat and a big fog.

The little cat creeps into the room
as silent as a big fog.

Softly it fills my chamber
and sits watching a tiny mouse
scampering toward a hole
which despite the presence of the cat-like fog
has not become invisible.

It is true that in the hands of an expert even artificial inspiration of this kind can be skilfully managed. But the obscurity remains because the poet had no original vision to guide him. There is no mistaking true mystery and false mystery behind the writing of a poem. The one effects a shadow, the other a mere blur.

Let us look at the first eight lines of George O'Neill's charming poem *The White Rooster*.

Ah, God! To have a breast like that
To throw at day,
Thrust for the hands of dawn
To quiver and flare upon.

And a hook of gold to end you,
And a bloody flag sewn in your head,
And all yourself an arch,
And your soul a white cascade.

To find out whether this excellent bit of imagism is the result of an obscure or a clear vision of a white rooster let us interrogate ourselves about it. Let me interrogate myself:

Q. Would I like to have a breast like a white rooster to throw at day?

A. I certainly would not.

Q. But suppose it were "thrust for the hands of dawn to quiver and flare upon"?

A. That wouldn't change matters in the least. I have not the slightest desire to be either a flaring rooster or any other kind of rooster.

Q. But wouldn't it thrill you to have "a hook of gold to end you"?

A. Now that you mention it, it wouldn't.

Q. But how about that "bloody flag sewn in your head"? Wouldn't you relish at least *that* rooster experience?

A. I should positively loathe it.

Q. Well, anyhow, admit that I am giving you a pretty picture of a white rooster.

A. Agreed. But not of any rooster you ever saw, but of a rooster you manufactured in your own head. And the value of this rooster you never saw is so obscure to you that you must create an artificial rapture to go along with your picture, which rapture consists in wishing to God you were a rooster yourself. The idea may appeal to you, but it does not appeal to me. It is not even clear to me that it really appeals to you.

BOOKS

OMNISCIENCE IN THE HISTORIAN

THE DISCUSSION OF HUMAN AFFAIRS. By Charles A. Beard. The Macmillan Company. \$1.75

DR. BEARD unfolds his views in the following way: Whenever human affairs are discussed or history written, some particular individual, some I, is doing the discussing or the writing. That I lives in a definite period of time and in a particular social milieu, and consciously or unconsciously is affected by both. When he writes it is always for a purpose, and he commences the task freighted with numerous preliminary assumptions, "early ideas long since taken for granted and hardened into dogma." He may be only confusedly aware of these preconceptions, but they influence him nonetheless.

Again the form of statement must be considered. Is it fact or opinion? And if opinion, is it one based on reason or merely a cherished hope? Moreover the totality of world history or the history for any large period consists of billions of facts and personalities but a small portion of which have been recorded. The totality can never be known. Of the things that are known only a small fragment can be used in discussion or enclosed in a book—which means that certain facts must be selected and others rejected. The selection of facts and their organization is accomplished by some I who is under the influence to a greater or less degree of his predilections and background. Through this totality of history there is woven a complex multiplicity of relationships. Anything like a complete knowledge of this multiplicity simply cannot be had. There are no isolated facts in history, each fact having been determined and conditioned by hosts of antedating events. Since most of these antedating events can never be known, not much can be known about the things that are known.

The complexity of human affairs therefore makes it "difficult, if not impossible, to explain or understand any single event of history." And "history as it actually was is not known and cannot be known." If it only could be known, it would bring the totality of past events and occurrences within a single field, disclose their laws of motion and relation. Like celestial mechanics it would make possible the calculable predictions of the future. It would be omniscience. It would reveal mankind enclosed in the iron framework of its own inevitable destiny.

Sketchily those paragraphs give Dr. Beard's position. It is a rather gloomy one. A bit too gloomy. It must be remembered that Dr. Beard himself is an I, writing in a period of time that is soaked in skepticism, that Dr. Beard has a sizeable pile of preliminary assumptions of his own, and that a great number of the statements he makes are not statements of fact but of opinions—the opinions of an I who has been affected by his time and his social milieu and who is writing for a purpose.

It must also be recalled that everything in his book was picked out by an I and many other things kept out of the book by the same I. Many of Dr. Beard's assumptions are, no doubt, "early ideas long since taken for granted and hardened into dogma . . . never re-examined." They should be re-examined at once. They need a lot of re-examining.

One little assumption that darted out of Dr. Beard's assortment and into his book, coloring almost every line he wrote, is the assumption that there is no such thing as free will. One knowing the totality of the past could predict the future, Dr. Beard thinks. One could, if men always acted the same way. But the trouble is men do not. They have the power of doing the unexpected.

Still another idea that appears a bit wobbly is his contention that because you cannot know everything that ever happened you cannot know much about anything. When certain conditions are verified, men not only can know with certainty events of the past but also know a great deal about them. Another assumption from Dr. Beard's bag which influenced his book is the idea that there is no over-ruling Providence.

It is very hard to comprehend how a man who admits it is "difficult, if not impossible," to understand a single event of history can be so certain that there is no God running the world.

JOHN A. TOOMEY

MASTER OF THE REICH

HITLER: A BIOGRAPHY. By Konrad Heiden. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3

LIKE Rudopf Olden, whose *Hitler* was reviewed in these columns, Konrad Heiden presents a journalist's picture of the demoniac forces set loose in a demoralized Germany. He has a better grasp of more facts, and his book is just a bit more difficult to read. Other differences are apparent rather than real.

His *Hitler* is not a mere puppet of the army and the armament industry; he is not the foreign upstart of barren soul and empty mind; he is a man of some intelligence, will power, and practical sense. But if Heiden shows less contempt for Hitler, he is enabled to do so by a distinction. For him Adolf Hitler is the same spoiled child, the same pathetic failure; but *der Fuhrer* is different, "a ruler with the instincts of a beggar," forceful and ambitious before the masses, strong when he knew that others were following. He identifies himself with a defeated and despondent nation. His wounded vanity and his hysterically exaggerated notions of honor, power, and prestige make this foundered man the darling of a foundered people.

Hitler has some good traits, while Germany even in her hour of deepest humiliation has never ceased to be one of the world's greatest nations. But it was not the admirable qualities of either that cemented their close alliance. There are paragraphs in Heiden's book that read like a refutation of the unrelieved pessimism of other writers, but the general impression produced by them all makes any lover of the Fatherland shudder.

The rise of a lonely, warped youth to irresponsible rule and the conditions, moral and material, that made that rise possible will be more clearly portrayed in the histories of the next generation. But the fate of civilization is so involved in the fortunes of the Third Reich that eager readers will be found even for our necessarily inadequate studies of Hitler. The private life of *der Fuhrer* may become a myth and a blur, the unethical and violent means by which he retains his personal power may be forgotten, but the student of social and political problems will seek a clearer understanding of his principles and his practical application of them.

Hitler learned much from his reading of history. But the art in which he was a master, the art of propaganda, the art of creating illusions, he learned from the enemies of Germany during the War. To Karl Lueger of Vienna, "the most forceful German burgomaster of all times," he owes two political maxims of vital importance: Win over the classes whose existence is threatened; secure the support of existing powerful institutions.

After this, good psychology and bad ethics led him to look for an object of attack. He needed the element of hate. This goes far toward explaining his fanatical per-

secution of the Jews. He needed an object to generate fear. This accounts for his unrelenting campaign against the Marxists. The fact that he was on the side of civilization and patriotism was largely accidental. The more rabid among his followers are still tugging at the leash that restrains the fury of their hatred for the church.

The likelihood of an age of martyrdom is not measured by the delicacy of the Leader's conscience. He will coolly calculate the probable political consequences and act accordingly. If a new bloodletting within the party appears more risky or more costly than satisfying the party's blood-lust by providing a new victim, Hitler may be "forced to assume responsibility" for a yet more murderous attack on Christianity.

He now stands half-way between Mussolini and the elemental madness of Communist Russia. For the sake of Germany I can only hope he will lean more in the direction of Italy.

R. CORRIGAN.

TROLLOPE CONTINUED BY KNOX

Barchester Pilgrimage. By Ronald A. Knox. Sheed and Ward. \$2.50

HERE is a Victorian vintage. Over it Trollopian will either rejoice or mourn; a non-Trollopian will be either extremely irritated at all the genealogy or will fly to the nearest library in order to emerge as ardent a Barchester man as Hugh Walpole. Though perhaps, as Father Knox wrote in *The London Mercury* a few years ago, it is sacrilege to continue the history of Barchester, and the Trollopian (I wonder how many of the breed there are in this country) may argue that if Barchester had to move with the times, where shall we now turn for rest and refreshment? Why, to Cranford of course. Yet now that it is out, I tremble for fear some effervescent Gaskellian will prove that Mary Smith's great-granddaughters give cocktail parties. For, as Mrs. Green would say to Mrs. Grey, the present generation of Lookalofts and Luftons have no such inhibitions.

However, in spite of myself (and I must admit my conservatism) I have had a hankering to find out what happened to Johnny Bold, whose mother was the flower of Bishop Grantley's flock. Apparently so did Trollope, and what sportsman could refuse to accept his challenge of another "pen to produce, if necessary, the biography, of John Bold the younger?" Certainly not Father Ronald Knox.

Barchester Pilgrimage begins practically where *The Last Chronicles* ended. Johnny Bold was then a small boy; now he is his father all over again—a maddeningly conscientious young doctor. Perhaps we have burned to know what has become of the other Stanhopes. It seems that Bertie designed the Cathedral monument to Mrs. Proudle, but we shake our heads over its somewhat dubious inscription. Later in this chronicle we contemplate what would have been the good lady's Olympian wrath at beach pajamas in the close.

Father Knox leads us on after the 'nineties when, to quote Mr. Bunce, "folks began to grow frivolous like." We sigh over the depleted fortunes of the Thornes and the sale of Ullathorne Court to the town council. We bristle at the unorthodox sermons of Theophylact Crawley-Grantley. Yes, he is the dutiful grandson of our old friend, the Archdeacon, and "only a summons to Lambeth to answer a charge of heresy was needed to fill his cup of happiness to the brim." The ladies who live in the Cathedral close have had not only Mr. Crawley-Grantley to worry over, but the Anglicans at St. Gregory's as well—not to mention Father Smith who had the temerity to lead his own pilgrimage on the feast of St. Ewald. We agree with Mr. Bunce that since the war there is no holding them Papists!

Do you remember—ah, could you forget—the Quiverfuls? I cannot quite forgive Father Knox for neglecting their descendants. And is there not a Slope anywhere in

Barchester? The most likable Barchester man among our contemporaries is Septimus Arabin, whom his great-grandfather, the Warden, would understand, and that is no small praise. Need I ask my readers whether Anthony Trollope would understand Knox? ALICE McLARNEY.

THE PROBLEM OF WORLD PEACE

ON THE RIM OF THE ABYSS. By James T. Shotwell. The Macmillan Company. \$3

THE work of Dr. Shotwell is both illuminating and interesting. It is needless to stress the vital importance of his subject matter. Obviously the world is hovering on the rim of an abyss. Unless some permanent and efficient form of international cooperation can be developed within the next few years, the drift toward war will inevitably result in another world holocaust. Civilization will scarcely survive such a trial.

Dr. Shotwell faces the facts lucidly, temperately, and judicially. He gently deprecates the excesses of the extreme pacifism. We must face the facts and be moderate realists during the present crisis. On the other hand Dr. Shotwell ardently champions the League idea. Only in a reformed and effective League of Nations can ultimate salvation be found. He does not advocate that the United States assume full membership in such a League, but suggests how we may cooperate in its work.

Dr. Shotwell does not minimize the grave defects and many failures of the present League. It was cradled in an atmosphere of distrust and linked with the Treaty of Versailles. The League has been dominated and manipulated by great Powers seeking their own interests. It lacks the power to attack those economic maladjustments and injustices which are among the chief root causes of war.

The author does not deny that the League has been a failure up to now. But he does not conclude that we should scrap the League. A reorganized and practical League should be substituted for the present moribund organization. Regionalism should have a place in such a League. Again responsibility should be proportioned to interest. Space does not permit a detailed analysis of Dr. Shotwell's stimulating proposals. They deserve the consideration of all serious students of international affairs. Dr. Shotwell proposes for us a *via media* between senseless entanglement in European broils, and that isolationism which is defensible neither on humane nor practical grounds.

Dr. Shotwell ignores the influence of the religious factor. This is a drawback in an otherwise admirable plea for harmony among nations, yet it raises a question: Are American Catholics as a body so loyal to papal pronouncements in this matter of peace, so eager to promote international good will that they must inevitably attract the attention of a non-Catholic professor? The reviewer has found to his sorrow that Catholics as a class are as nationalistic as those outside the fold, yet we alone possess, in our faith and philosophy, the ultimate solution.

LAURENCE K. PATTERSON, S.J.

IN DEFENSE OF CHRISTIANITY

RELIGIONS OF MANKIND. By Otto Karrer. Sheed and Ward. \$3

THE present book owes its origin to courses of lectures delivered before student audiences of mixed denominations and has for its purpose a survey of the historical religions together with a verdict upon them from the standpoint of the Christian Faith. The five parts of the volume (distributed over thirteen chapters) consider the spread of religion throughout the world together with considerations about the idea of God, prayer, and the

connection between religion and morality. The second and third parts treat of the origin and the later development of religion in human history. Part IV contains the most important sections, namely, the comparison of religions. Here is emphasized the uniqueness and supremacy of Christianity. From an apologetical viewpoint these chapters are a beautiful defense of Christianity. Part V gives a theological estimate of the religious condition of mankind and attempts a solution of the difficult problem of revelation and salvation outside the Church.

The actuality of such problems is manifest. In consequence of the progressive education of the general public through ethnology and the study of comparative religions, by foreign travel and international commerce, by literature, cinema, and radio, and the resultant widespread knowledge of men and manners of foreign climes, the relation of Christianity to the other religions cannot be dismissed today as summarily as in the past. Educated Catholics seek an authoritative answer, and Karrer's book, in general, timely and instructively supplies it. Throughout the book Karrer is passionately just in pointing out the elements of truth, goodness, and beauty in all religions, even of the lowest type.

Yet a certain reserve must be exercised in accepting some of the general assertions of the author. Competent theologians have pointed this out in their reviews of the work in German, and their hesitancy is confirmed by our own impressions. The English translation, it is true, has omitted or modified certain expressions which in the original betrayed a too broadminded tendency, yet there still remain some statements which must be read with caution. The distinction between the supernatural and the natural should be carefully drawn.

JOSEPH SPAETH, S.J.

BOOKS IN BRIEFER REVIEW

LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES. By Lionel Wiggam. The Viking Press. \$1.75

POETRY that literally takes your breath away is being written by Lionel Wiggam. How it is possible for a boy of twenty to be in possession of such an exquisite artistry is beyond our knowing. God dispenses such gifts, bestowing them where He wills. Wiggam's poems are all songs of youth, but, like those of Keats, they have a maturity which is not of age but of art. He is as far away as it is possible to be from impudent young revolutionaries like Engle and Auden. He is not clamoring for a new order and has no message, Marxian or otherwise. He uses traditional verse forms, employing occasionally the glancing rhyme, less childishly, however, than Emily Dickinson and in a manner much more choice and satisfying. Here is *The High Hill*, one of his simplest poems—and yet how perfectly timed and expressed!

Time stopped breathless just below the summit.
Curving apples halted on the air.
The sky retained the cold kiss of a comet.
A weasel's darting glance became a stare.

Tight green buds delayed their bloom.
Bees on a lily's lip were stricken clinging.
The wind with mild surprise did not resume
Its worried singing.

All my length was frozen briefly;
My heart hung strangely heavy like a plummet.
Everything delayed, my still heart chiefly.
And then I moved again, and topped the summit.

He says of a child what we would say of himself:

This child is ponderous with terrible wisdom:
At ten all knowledge is behind his stare.
Austere, remotely grave, he lives in secret.
We would approach the boy, but scarcely dare.

Ah, but there will be approaches, moral, intellectual

and religious. Their effect on Lionel Wiggam in his present native innocence remains to be seen.

Can he continue for a long time in his present trance? Has he a spiritual stature equal to his art? Has he certitudes strong enough to last him?

RED GAOLS. Translated from the French by O. B. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne. 2/6

IN sharp and painful contrast to the paeans of praise poured out upon Soviet Russia by the professional propagandists are the sober revelations in this modest narrative. The writer spent more than eight years in Soviet jails as a political prisoner. Personal experience entitled her to speak of those prisons and the regime inflicted upon the hundreds of thousands of people whose innocence is incontestable even from the viewpoint of a revolutionary court. The writer's good faith is vouched for by Father Christophe Dumont, director of the Dominican Center of Russian Studies at Lille. She writes without bitterness and with that calm cheerfulness that seems the prerogative of Russian women of high character under the most appalling sufferings. Her very calmness and simplicity emphasize the frightful revelations of this "shameful record of want and brutality and crime in all its naked simplicity," in the words of Archbishop Goodier, who writes the foreword to the volume. The White story and the White Sea Canal is here told in a few pages. This is the grim background of all the economic and diplomatic front that so strangely fascinates the international world. It should be read by every seeker for the truth.

THE ORTHODOX CHURCH. By Sergius Bulgakov. Morehouse Publishing Co. \$3.50

PROGRESS in the path of reunion has been greatly hindered by the extreme difficulty that Catholics find in visualizing intellectually the concept of the Church entertained by the Orthodox; yet the concept of the Church is fundamental to all discussion with the separated Christians of the eastern rites. Dr. Bulgakov's view is summed up in his opening words: "Orthodoxy is the Church of Christ on earth. The Church of Christ is not an institution; it is a new life with Christ and in Christ guided by the Holy Spirit." As one of the three or four outstanding leaders in Russian Orthodox thought at the present time, his views have profoundly influenced the younger generation and have created interest particularly among the Anglicans. While Catholics will not agree with the system Bulgakov represents—the genuine tradition of orthodoxy—they will recognize in it a very important system of ideas which are the fruit of the mystical tendencies of Russian theological thought for the last few generations.

THE AMERICAN WAY: A STUDY OF HUMAN RELATIONS AMONG PROTESTANTS, CATHOLICS, AND JEWS. Edited by Newton Diehl Baker, Carlton J. H. Hayes, Roger Williams Straus. Willett, Clarke & Co. \$1.25

THE proceedings of the Institute of Human Relations held under the auspices of the National Conference of Jews and Christians at Williams College, August, 1935, have drawn much attention. The discussions particularly on Mexico were discussed in AMERICA. The substance of these discussions is available in printed form. They touch on a great variety of specific problems, such as the community, religious education, the press, women's organizations, schools, social progress, the application of anthropology to human relations, as well as international questions. The general impression from reading these proceedings is that "important differences among Protestants, Catholics, and Jews will continue to exist," and that "it is an extraordinarily difficult achievement to change one's mind"; nevertheless, that from mutual discussion much that is practical can be derived toward cooperation in the public life of our country. The difference of viewpoint on education deserves particular attention.

FILMS

ANTHONY ADVERSE. Ever since Hervey Allen's ponderous tome made its first reader stoop-shouldered, those people who keep up with the modern novel by way of the movies have probably been awaiting its screen appearance. The immense coverage, both temporal and geographical, of this picaresque novel has necessitated its translation to the screen in sequences rather than in continuous narrative and much paring was, of course, inevitable.

If the present film is well over feature length, the material in its original state would call for a serial; besides, the picture benefits greatly by its streamlining. Thus the story closes with Anthony and his young son sailing on a dangerous mission for America, having traced a strange odyssey from his childhood in the Convent of the Holy Child at Leghorn, through his apprenticeship at the merchant Bonnyfeather's, and, later, to the slave marts of Africa and the Paris of Napoleon's reign.

The more checkered parts of Anthony's career, which made the book a moral hazard, have been toned down considerably, if not eliminated. The circumstances of the plot are unchanged but a definite improvement has been shown in the general treatment which merely suggests the sensational and omits what used to be the inevitable elaboration. But the picture is still adult fare.

In the title role, Fredric March provides a handsome picture in the colorful costume of the period and portrays the serious, purposeful Anthony with consistent understanding. It is to an older generation, however, that the acting laurels go. Henry O'Neill as Father Xavier and Pedro de Cordoba as Brother Francois play with a sincerity and depth which make their influence marked throughout Anthony's misadventures, and Edmund Gwenn is a full-bodied Bonnyfeather. That fine actor, Claude Rains, is the most villainous, detestable Don Luis that could have been brought to the screen.

As we have noted, the picture is rather long and the frequent lapses of time, coupled with Anthony's traveling, make it seem interminable. But whatever the length of the picture, at least you have the consolation of not having to hold it in your lap. The picture is well mounted and has the unique distinction of presenting a Napoleon who looks not the least bit like the original. (Warner)

SAN FRANCISCO. There are three good reasons why this picture, apparently a melodrama of familiar plot, reaches into the top flight of current motion pictures. They are, in order, a splendidly realistic characterization of a priest by Spencer Tracy, some beautiful singing by Jeanette MacDonald, and many thrilling moments supplied by courtesy of the San Francisco earthquake and fire.

Although we are told that native Californians deny there ever was an earthquake, they will have to admit that the ground-breaking ceremonies represented in this film will take a lot of disowning. The catastrophe furnishes an exciting climax to a story of spiritual awakening on the notorious Barbary Coast of the very early 1900's, with Clark Gable assuming the role of the materialistic cafe owner who is forced to recognize his own insufficiency by the three factors already mentioned.

If one suspects the earthquake did most of the work, it is surely not a reflection upon Father Tim Mullen, the mission priest who is the good angel of the "most Godless man on the Barbary Coast." Spencer Tracy's portrayal of the priest is a complete lesson in picture-stealing and is easily the best characterization of its kind within memory. He is vigorous, human, whimsical, and spiritually stimulating. As co-star with Clark Gable, who plays ingratiatingly, Miss MacDonald proves her versatility by acting as well as she sings, which is a good deal to say. The film, in general, is sprightly and exciting and entertaining. (M.G.M.)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS.

EVENTS

SOLDIER-BONUS spending animated business. . . . A young, movie-struck Brooklyn girl saw her father's \$400 bonus lying uncirculated in a bureau drawer. She put it into circulation by taking a trip to Hollywood to look at Clark Gable. Her method of invigorating the general currency situation clashed with her father's ideas on introducing bonuses into circulation, it was disclosed. . . . A Buffalo veteran got his bonus and bought a barrel. He and the barrel are going to Europe on the first solo, non-stop barrel flight across the Atlantic. . . . Incidents interpreted as presaging ominous changes in American life appeared. . . . A drunken swan was arrested in San Francisco and later four intoxicated sparrows were observed staggering through the air. . . . A Georgia baby bit a snake. The snake died of baby bite. . . . With the upswing of equality for women, the practice of husband beating was said to be spreading. A notorious husband beater in the East was sentenced to prison. . . . Evidence that differences between husband and wife sometimes exist came forth. A Negro woman revealed her husband had set a time for killing her. She said: "He sleeps with a razor under his pillow and I got a hammer under mine. He don't sleep very good and I don't sleep at all."

The mob scenes, the oratorical air raids, the confusion of the two great political circuses came to an end. . . . Certain things stood out clearly. . . . One was that Republican commentators, try as they would, could find nothing to commend in the Democratic platform. By a strange coincidence, Democrats expressed distinct disappointment with the Republican planks. . . . Concerning the chances of Roosevelt, conflicting views appeared among Democratic spokesmen. Some thought he would carry at least forty-eight States; others feared he could not hope to sweep more than forty-six. . . . Confronted with the rumor that Brazil favored Roosevelt, Landon supporters were agog. Finally they found out Brazil cannot vote. . . . After studying the situation closely, Republican spokesmen announced that Landon would only carry all the States on both sides of the Mississippi.

In Spain every so often a cloud of black smoke rises in the air. . . . Another church is burning. . . . Some day Spain will learn that smoking churches never spell real progress. . . . An American, long resident in Mexico, used to say when he heard Mexicans shooting: "They are having primaries." . . . Bullets not ballots govern Mexico. . . . During the last meeting of the Mexican Congress, two deputies were killed. . . . An effort is being made to make Mexican Congressmen check their guns at the door. . . . Imagine Senators and Congressmen in Washington shelling one another during debate. . . . In the United States, Capone is in jail; in Mexico, the Capones are in Congress. . . . Soviet Russia began by encouraging divorce. The party desiring divorce merely stepped into an office, said: "I want a divorce," and the thing was done. Now the Moscow Government is endeavoring to stamp out divorces. It just put a prohibitive tax on divorce. . . . The Soviets laughed at the Catholic doctrine on divorce. Then they found by experience they were wrong and the Church right. . . . Some day they may find out that the Church is right on other matters too.

Pope Pius XI, a few days ago, knelt before the tomb of the first Pope, St. Peter. Many Popes lay in their sepulchers around him. It was a rendezvous of Popes. . . . Nearly were ten Popes martyred by ancient Rome. Rome thought it could kill the Papacy by killing Popes. If the Roman Emperors could have lifted the veil of the future and seen Pius XI in the year 1936, reigning over 325,000,000 people spread through the continents of the world, they would have said: "What's the use? We can't kill the Papacy." . . . If Joe Stalin and Hitler and Cárdenas could peer into the years ahead and see the Popes down to the end of time, they would say: "What's the use? We can't kill the Papacy."

THE PARADER